

Rokujouma no Shinryakusha!?

Harumi's Knitting
Circumstances



Harumi's Knitting Circumstances

In little more than a year since he'd joined the Knitting Society, Satomi Koutarou's knitting competency had increased greatly. Originally he didn't have the balance to knit a scarf well, but now if it were a normal pattern then he could knit well. Of course, there was still plenty of room for improvement, when knitting curved surfaces and complicated shapes his hands faltered. To put it simply, his skills were approaching the point where they could be used in practical situations.

So, Koutarou was being taught by Harumi again today. The early summer sunlight streamed in through the open windows, lighting up the club room. Harumi's teaching was filled with passion to match the light.

"Satomi-kun, it's not like that there, it's like this."

"Like this?"

"Not quite... Hmm, how do I explain it I wonder...?"

Harumi had several reasons to be passionate.

The greatest among them was her desire to be helpful to Koutarou.

With the things that had happened between her, Harumi had given her heart to Koutarou. She wanted to do just as much for him, no, even more than that, she wanted to be needed by him. Koutarou had made a promise in the past to complete a sweater, to head for a

better future, and knitting was Harumi's speciality above all others. She felt it was fate that what the one she liked wanted to do was her speciality, and so was filled with passion for teaching Koutarou how to knit. There were many ways to say it, but in the end, Harumi loved him.

Also, it was usually noisy around Koutarou, there were always many people around. Harumi liked them and looked up to their liveliness but she also sometimes thought that they were too energetic and wanted them to calm down. It was an impression that was only because of the difference in their personalities, it had nothing to do with liking or disliking them. So Harumi thought it was nice to sometimes have some calm time, with Koutarou if possible. As those 'calm times' she had nothing to criticise with the Knitting Society's activities.

There were other reasons, the likelihood of Koutarou being the next president of the Knitting Society was high, so passing down suitable skill was urgent. She also had to teach Yurika, who had joined the society several days ago, so she wanted to teach Koutarou alone quickly.

Because of these various reasons, she was passionate about teaching Koutarou. To the extent that sometimes she'd forget her surroundings, that's what these times were like.

"That's it, Satomi-kun, stand up for a minute please."

Harumi put her hands together in front of her chest and smiled. She had been thinking of a way to teach Koutarou a complicated pattern but had finally thought of a good idea.

“Okay. I don’t mind, but...”

Koutarou stood as she asked, and held his hands out forwards, holding the knitting needles.

“Is this okay?”

“Yes, now... I think it will be easy to understand like this.”

Harumi placed her back against Koutarou’s chest and pulled his hands towards her. She took his hands in hers and started moving the knitting needles. Doing so, Koutarou understood how the needles were moving well. He could see her fingers well too, and quite literally picked up how to reel the thread. It was certainly a very effective teaching method, and a great idea – but.

“You move the needles like this. It’s easy once you know how.”

“Umm, Sakuraba-senpai. I... uh really understand the technique, but...”

“What?”

Harumi stopped her movements and slowly looked over her shoulder.

“Standing like this, uh... isn’t it... really bad...?”

“Eh?”

She had completely stopped and they were close enough to hear each other breathe, and Koutarou could see himself reflected in Harumi’s eyes.

“...Uhhh...”

This was the first time they’d been so close, Harumi slowly took in the situation.

“...I-I-I um...”

Harumi’s face was instantly dyed red and her eyes opened as wide as they could, colouring her expression with shock. She had had her heart set on teaching Koutarou how to knit and hadn’t noticed what had happened until now. However you looked at it, it appeared that Harumi was entrusting her body to Koutarou and receiving a hug from behind. It couldn’t be seen as anything other than a lover’s act.

“...This is... I-I didn’t... I was just...”

“It’s okay, I understand! You’re not someone who’d do something this bold suddenly!”

Koutarou was panicking too. Even more so, he was surprised by Harumi’s bold act – though he knew it wasn’t intentional, and with her bright red face, Harumi appeared unusually girlish. With those big wavering eyes in front of him, and feeling the warmth from her close body, Koutarou’s heart shook.

“I’ll let you go right away!”

Koutarou frantically went to release her, but held tighter and stopped his hands.

“Sakuraba-senpai?”

“Ah...”

Harumi soon realised what she had done and went even redder. It was embarrassing to cling to Koutarou, but to be released so soon was a shame as a girl. Because of that and other things, Harumi’s feelings were complicated.

“U-uh, Satomi-kun, I, I!”

“Y-yes!?”

They were wrapped in the tight atmosphere of the room, and time around them came to a stop. They were everything to each other. The relationship they’d knitted together had taken a special form. Then.

Crash!

“I, Nijino Yurika will put my heart and soul into the society today as well!”

It was Yurika’s turn to clean the classroom so she was late, and burst into the room without knocking.

“Woaaaahhh!?”

“Aaaaahhh!!”

“Hmm? What happened, you two?”

Yurika looked strangely at the two who had jumped apart in a panic. Fortunately, she hadn’t seen them together.

“N-nothing. You just surprised us coming in so suddenly.”

“Satomi-kun’s right.”

“Did I? I’m sorry, I’ll be careful from now on.”

Yurika honestly believed them and apologised, relieving both Koutarou and Harumi. What relieved them wasn’t that they hadn’t been seen by Yurika. But that they might have blurted out something unbelievable if Yurika hadn’t come.



Sakuraba Harumi

An upperclasman that Koutarou met during the entrance ceremony, the slightly weak-bodied leader of the knitting society. That’s what she was...